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Evelina has such a delicious looking body it's hard not to stare. Her supple flesh just begging to be touched and teased. Even she can't resist playing with herself now and then. There's so much to love from the curve of her tit's and ass to the plushness of her pink.



























Strictly Business

It'd been a rough couple of years, but I stuck with the company and was being rewarded with a conference-retreat in Hawaii that turned out to be more retreat than conference. It was just me; my girlfriend couldn't afford the time off, which was already putting a damper on the whole trip. Things weren't great between us, but I'd hoped the trip would be a chance for us to reconnect.

By the third day, the conference was starting to lose my attention and I was thinking about cutting the afternoon session. I slid into a bar for lunch, ordering a large drink to start my buzz early. A shadow cast over my shoulder as someone slid into the seat next to me. I didn't really pay them any attention until she asked how I was going to sit through the afternoon with a buzz like that.

I turned to tell her off to find a gorgeous brunette with the most piercing hazel eyes sitting there like she was the teacher catching me in some sort of lie. I swallowed my anger, surprised by who I found there; Yvette was the keynote speaker and a sort of star of the conference. I'd seen pictures in the program, but they didn't do her beauty justice. She managed to hold me hard in her gaze until her own drink, the same size as mine arrived, when an enormous smile crossed her luscious lips. "Let's see who gets through it better," she teased, slamming back her drink.

We had lunch together, talking shop and the conference and when it was time, she slid a slip of paper across and told me to check in with her after her speech, to see how much I remembered.

Despite how much she had to drink, she made a remarkable presentation, and I called her soon, ready to buy her another for doubt-

ing she could handle it. Instead, she gave me an address, which turned out to be a condo on the beach. When I arrived. she invited me inside and poured another round of drinks. I noticed that she had changed, wearing a long, light purple robe that slid over her smooth figure. Her chest stuck out. enjoying their freedom. Her hair, tied up earlier, was now bouncing down her shoulders and back. I asked her about why we

were here. She said something about a business tradition.

It was right about then I stopped listening as she lowered the robe to display her fully nude body. Her perky pink nipples pointed out toward me tantalizingly. My mind and throat went blank. All I knew was that I wasn't about to stop this, and that I wasn't even sure if I could.

She pushed me back to the chair and wrapped her arms and legs around me. Her eyes caught mine with that smolder that seemed to flash with fierce power. She made me promise that this was strictly business,

40+ #20

40+: I'm so excited to meet Alexis Faux today. She's one lady that's



been on my radar for quite a while, but she's always busy and hard to pin down.

Alexis: So nice to meet you. I know you've been trying to get together, so I'm glad I have the tie today.

40+: Me too. I know your time is tight, so I'd like to get right into it. Are you ready?













and when I agreed, she finally fed the passion I didn't even know I was feeling.

Our tongues were flashing between our mouths in a twisting, elegant dance. She grinded against my lap, quickly getting me hard before she pulled me up so that I could fumble out of my clothes. I leaned her back against the table, kissing up her smooth skin. My hands slid under her firm breasts, memorizing the size and shape as my tongue slid across her large pink nipples.

When I made it up to her mouth, she grabbed my hands and pushed them down to her wet pussy, sliding my fingers inside her one at a time. We made out as I fingered her before she moved slowly toward my ear, where she told me she wanted it like it was the last night on earth.

I nibbled her ear, pulling my fingers out to clear the way for my raging dick. I took a deep breath and let it plunge its way deep into Yvette. I let it settle for a second before wrapping my arms around her body and pulling her up off the table. Keeping my dick deep inside her, I lifted her against the wall and began pounding deep inside. I let my eyes roll back finding a surge of adrenaline just from holding her up like this. She let out a loud scream, which only pushed me harder and faster.

After a few minutes, I pulled back from the wall and stumbled onto the nearby couch. She spread her legs wide around me, screaming and moaning with each thrust. When I felt it, I pulled out and let myself shoot up her chest and all over her face. She smiled, licking my juices off herself, and inviting me to stay with her the rest of the week. I agreed, strictly for business purposes.

- Richard N., Sacramento, CA



A New Experience

It was a few weeks ago when my new girlfriend first discovered my magazine collection. I came home from work and there she was with a small pile stacked on the table, sitting there with an unreadable expression. We'd only been together for a month and haven't yet had the talk about our past experiences and turn-ons, just trying to feel each other out. And there she was with several years' worth of magazines. I'll admit it, I was terrified to say anything, not sure how all of this was going to go. Some part of me was already planning on moving out. She kept her gaze locked on me, daring me to say something.

It was a stalemate until she finally reached across and took the top magazine off the pile. She opened it slowly and started reading the story. I swallowed and listened, absorbing every word and taking a couple of cautious steps toward her. She wasn't yelling at me, so maybe there was going to be a chance that it would work out? Maybe? The story took a little time to get going, but it quickly became clear that she had already read it. Because when she got to the part about the girl starting to unbutton her blouse to free her large breasts, barely held in by a low-cut black bra, she started to mimic the action, down to the bra that I didn't even know she had. I caught my breath and conAlexis: Of course, just let me get a sip of this latte down... There, bettter... OK, shoot...

40+: I know you're on your way to another shoot, but I don't know what you'll be shootiung. Care to share?

Alexis: IFor thge past year I've been working with a new director and I'm liking her ideas. We're going to a ranch in Calabasas. It has an old chuck wagon on the property and I'm going to play a pioneer mother who cooks for the cowboys and men on the wagon trail.

40+: Interesting. Do go on!

Alexis: Well, Im wearing perios clothes and the guys are all decked out in their cowboy tinued to move closer, not daring to say anything to ruin the mood. I reached out to help her and she slapped my hand away.

"That's not how the story goes," she snapped, giving me the same glare from before. I gulped, but didn't say anything, letting her continue, remembering the story and feeling my dick start to get hard, but I didn't, couldn't do anything. Not yet. She kept up her striptease, pulling off her shirt and undoing her shorts to reveal a black lace thong that matched the bra she was already driving me crazy with.

I bit my lip and reached out slowly to take her hand. She stopped reading and looked up at me with what I thought was the same glare, but there was something else there, too. A fire, a passion that I had never seen in her before. "...I know the story," I finally said cautiously, pulling her up from the table, where she left the magazine.

"You like these?" she asked, glancing toward the pile. I couldn't help but nod, but my eyes locked on her beautiful, smooth body, drawn towards her melons that looked like they wanted to jump out at me, to the teasing edges of the thong tracing out that place where her legs flawlessly blended with the rest of her. She seemed to be waiting until my eyes made their way back up to meet hers. "What about me?" she asked silkily, guiding my hands over her body, but not allowing me near her clothes.

All I could do was smile. "You want to finish the story?" I asked, reaching a hand up under her chin and leaned in to kiss her, the answer coming from the passion that she returned easier than ever before. I guided her over to the sofa and kissed down her neck and finally toward the bra straps, pulling my hands away. It took a few tries, but I was



eventually able to unsnap the bra with my teeth, releasing her eager breasts from their tiny prison. I made my way back around, playing and enjoying, using nothing more than my mouth.

She allowed herself to fall back into the couch as I knelt in front of her, worshiping this beautiful body in a way I never even imagined possible. My tongue slowly made its way down, guided by my memory of the story and her deep moans of pleasure. When I made it to the thin strap of the thong, her hands tugged at my hair, pulling my hungry gaze up toward her fiery eyes.

"Take it off," she demanded, and we both knew she wasn't talking about my own cloths. I tried to pull the thong down with my teeth, but the string was weak against my passion, snapping in my mouth. As she pulled my face down toward her freshly trimmed crotch, I knew she didn't care. She pushed me further, toward her already moist cunt. She thrust toward my mouth guiding where my tongue should go. It was a few more minutes before she gave one last thrust toward me and let out a scream unlike anything I'd ever heard from her before she fell back to the couch, pulling my face up. "You should start sharing," she said, grabbing another magazine and pulling me back toward the bedroom for another story, this one involving her devouring a fountain from my throbbing cock.

William G., Hartford, CT

and period gear also. Well, I'm cooking at the back of the wagon with all these old large pots, and the guys are lined up with their metal plates waiting for their dinner. I'm told there will be a large capmpfire in the background that thew all will go sit around and eat.

40+: Nice visuals! Got more?

Alexis: Well, while there are other sex scenes, this one turns into a bit of a gang bang. We use the same wagon, but outfit the inside as a sleeping area. As dinner finishes and I close down the cooking stuff, the guys come into the wagon and little by little they all thank me. I think it may be a little tight in there for more than four people, but I'm game.

Only a Tease

Despite my age, I have always been told that I have an young soul; although I know myself to also have a naturally youthful attitude toward life, and understanding of the absolute importance of joy, and ultimately of sex. In this crazy world sometimes it is the most essential, and human of needs that are left by the wayside. Since I have a great passion and inner need to look after and care for people, I am determined to cater to all of these needs.

This could be having an open ear for you, a gentle touch, sharing laughs, experience intimacy and providing genuine companionship. Having an open heart, help you to love yourself, make you feel at ease, relaxed, content, and in general just better for a while, is what I would like to do. To me, this is what a good companion does and I strive to be your perfect partner in escape and fun.

Just like the time I knew I was being naughty and I knew I was excited by it but I just kept kissing, opening my mouth and letting his tongue explore mine, sharing our breathing until we'd started rubbing our hips together. My boobs were mashed against his lower chest and I could feel hardness against me, the hardness between his legs.

In a few more minutes he asked me if I was still okay with this and my answer was putting one of his hands on my breast then reaching down between us and feeling his cock through his pants while starting a very deep kiss which I remember ended with him taking my hand and leading me into the bedroom. There he pulled the hem of my skirt up with his hands and rubbed my butt while I touched the skin of his back after pulling his shirt out of his pants. Eventually, I reached around and fumbled a bit with his



belt buckle, his zipper and, breathing really, really fast, forced my wrist and hand inside his opened pants until I could actually feel the skin of his cock.

It was hard, very thick and quite long with two large, very warm balls beneath. The head was covered by skin when I first touched it and I knew I was feeling my first ever uncut cock, actually, the third or fourth cock I'd ever felt. When I touched the tip, then fondled his balls, he squirmed, moved his legs apart and reached around to take my skirt off and find the waistband of my panties, pull it back and slide his big fingers down to the black, thick hair on my front down low and then rub the very wet lips of my opening.

When he did that I almost fell on the floor as my legs suddenly went very weak. He caught me, lifted me and took me to the bed where I remember he leaned me against it, removed my top, my bra, slid my lace panties and skirt off – while first admiring them then flattering me. He then stood, never taking his eyes off me, and dropped all his clothes and sat me down facing him.

A proper lady is only a tease. She does not kiss and tell. You must fill in the rest as I am only interested in the satisfaction of my partner, not the reader.

- Catherine, Muncie, IN

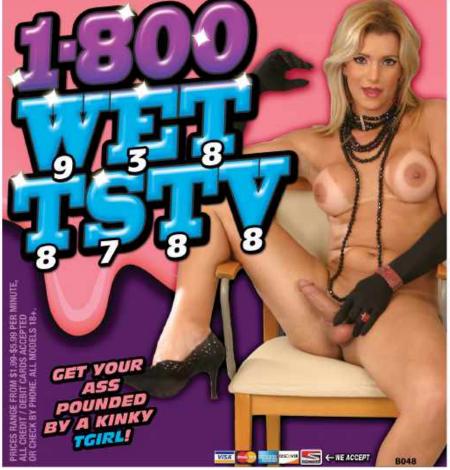
40+: Got more to share?

Alexis: Yeah, I do. Let me finish this scene... I milk maid hears the commotion in the covered wagon and comes over to investigate. She pulls the linen "dood" aside and see's us all fucking. One of the guys not in me at the time, crawls over to her and they start fucking on the driver's bench. You'll have to wait for the video to see more. Byeeeeee...

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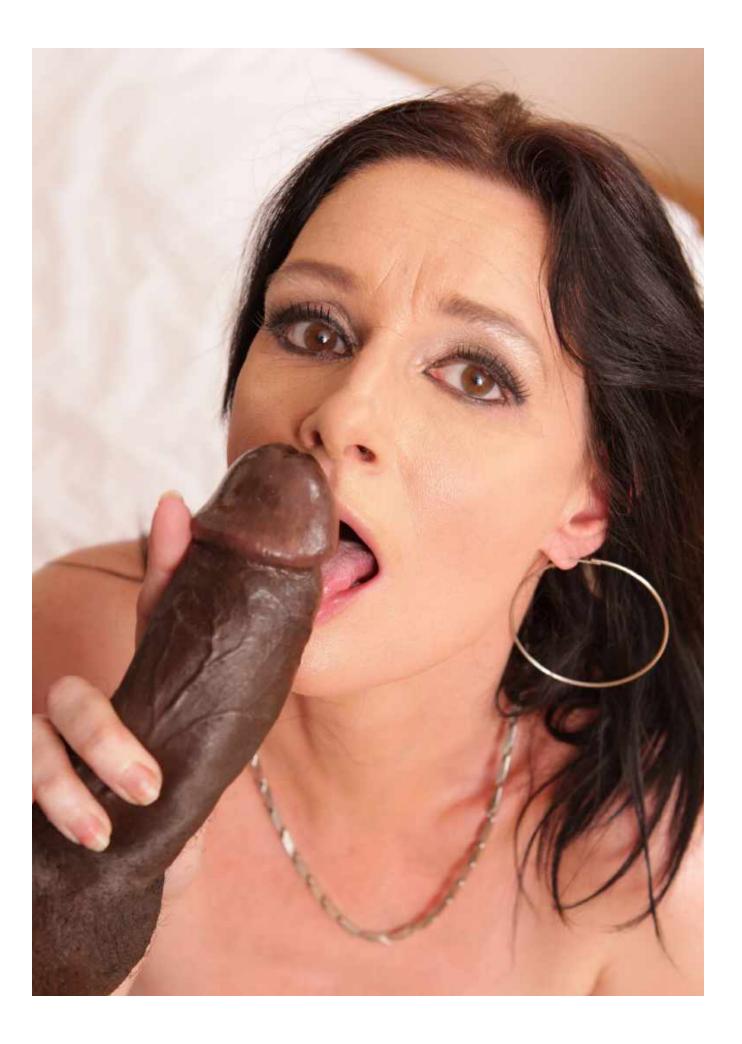
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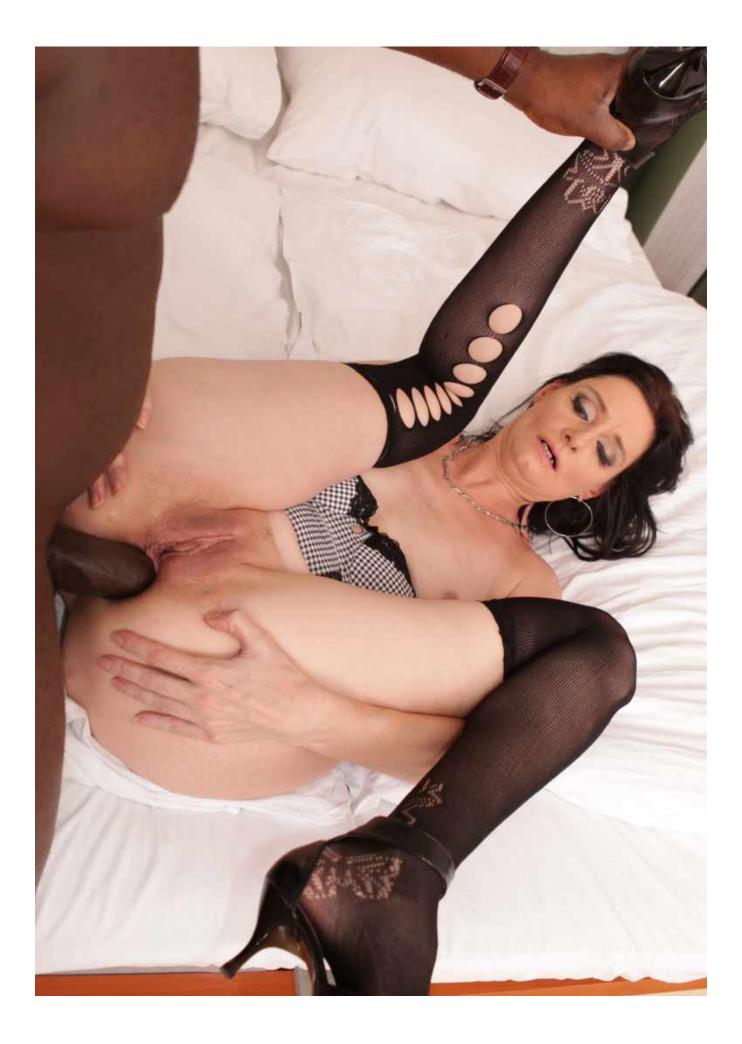
ence and every new experience is a new orgasm, and Laura loves her orgasms.





























Cherie DeVille knows that when you're this hot, age is just a mind-set. She can throw it back like you wouldn't believe, and her phat ass shaking is truly mesmerizing. Her body flexing and stretching while filled up by a big cock is everyone's good time. The only thing left is some hot cum on her face.













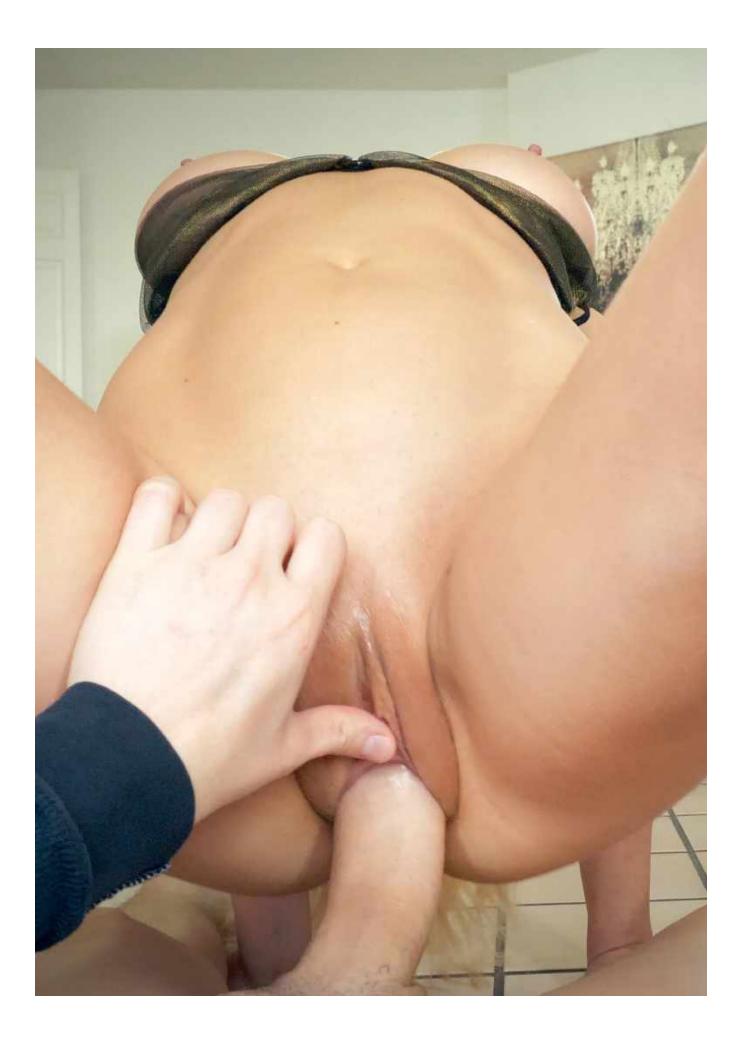
































Smoldering Demi Delia is a strict professor who doesn't accept anything less than perfection in class, or in bed. Any failing grades result in a meeting after class. Her punishment usually involves a long blowjob, followed by a stern pussy fucking, and finished with a good amount of cum on her plump boobs.















ou sure know how to handle that nozzle," I said.

The tall, slender blonde fueling her SUV at pump #7 shook her head and laughed. I couldn't tell if she was laughing with me, or at me . . .

Standing across from her at pump #8, I filled up my piece of shit car in preparation for the forthcoming storm. This particular tropical dervish was expected to wreak all kinds of havoc, the worst of it predicted to strike early tomorrow, just in time for the Monday morning commute. Gas shortages were a given, gas and bottled water and toilet paper. The populace panicked and went bananas, stockpiling essentials, creating bedlam at every supermarket and gas station in town.

I was just as guilty as the next person, having endured a forty minute wait to tap up my tank. In all likelihood I wouldn't have to work tomorrow; pretty much everything would be closed—city offices, restaurants, schools, etc.

Still, I had felt it prudent to get some gas while the getting was good.

And plenty of cold beer.

If the storm proved especially intense I could wind up stuck in my apartment for several days. Now I attached the nozzle to the pump, already looking forward to getting home and cracking open the first of many beers.

"Does that line really work?" the blonde asked. Her question froze me. I figured her laugh would be the end of it.

"Never," I said.

Her eyes were an alluring azure, her smooth skin bronzed from the sun. She wore a bikini top, satiny soccer shorts, and flip flops. A surfboard was affixed to the Troof of her car. No real surprise as she certainly looked the part.

"Surfer girl, huh?"

"You know it," she replied. "I'm headed to the beach now."

"In this storm?"

"Hell, yeah. This is the best time to surf. The waves are perfect."

She was right, of course. I wasn't a surfer, not by a long shot, but one of my coworkers was and he had said the very same thing. Storms created perfect surfing conditions; much to the chagrin of lifeguards who did everything they could to prevent the practice. But not even closing the beaches could keep the hardcore surfers at bay.

Blondie looked pretty damned hardcore to me. "You surf?" she asked.

"No," I said, "but I enjoy watching it."

"You should come out to the beach. Today's session promises to be killer."

It sounded like a fantastic idea. I had planned to spend the rest of the day and a good portion of the evening swilling beer. I could just as easily drink at the beach while watching this hot blonde ride some radical waves.

"Sounds great," I told her. "Wait right here. I'll

I had lived in this quaint beach town my entire life and nothing like this had ever happened. Hell, I had had plenty of girlfriends and not a single one surfed. Not that this chick was my girlfriend. A complete stranger, she was.













I sat on the beach, a particular stretch we had all to ourselves, pounding beer after beer. I had the time of my life; even as the sky became increasingly ominous. The drizzle didn't bother me in the least. I found it rather soothing, the steady pitter patter on my skin adding a Zen like quality to the scene. be right back."

I dashed inside the store, returning several minutes later with a cheapo Styrofoam cooler and a bag of ice. The beer sat on my passenger seat, having been purchased earlier when I had paid for my gas.

"I'm ready when you are," I said.

"Follow me."

A drizzly rain fell as I followed her to the beach. It was an awfully gloomy day. We

wouldn't see the sun for days. But I wasn't depressed, not in the least.

This was definitely a first, a hot blonde inviting me to watch her surf. I had lived in this quaint beach town my entire life and nothing like this had ever happened. Hell, I had had plenty of girlfriends and not a single one surfed.

Not that this chick was my girlfriend. A complete stranger, she was. But she liked me. Otherwise she wouldn't have extended her invitation.

My nozzle comment must've been a success.

I sat on the beach, a particular stretch we had all to ourselves, pounding beer after beer. I had the time of my life; even as the sky became increasingly ominous. The drizzle didn't bother me in the least. I found it rather soothing, the steady pitter patter on my skin adding a Zen like quality to the scene.

And what a scene it was . . .

Blondie was one hell of a surfer. She rode the waves with masterful precision, treating me to a truly awesome display of athleticism and artistic expression. I envied her abilities. And, of course, she was most easy on the eyes.

As soon as we had reached the shoreline she had shucked her shorts, unveiling a bikini brief which showcased her spectacular body. Hers was a stellar ass, tight and compact from a highly active lifestyle. Her tits were smallish; a plus for me as I had always had a fetish for firm, beautifully shaped B-cups.

She had waxed her board and performed some routine stretching exercises before wading out into the water. I had found it hard not to stare as she limbered up. Now, cracking open my fourth beer, I smiled as she emerged from the water. Board in hand, wet hair framing her angelic face, she sat beside me.

"Beer?" I asked.



"Definitely," she said.

I reached into the cooler, plucked a cold one, and cracked it open. She took it from me, downing half of it in one hefty pull.

"Damn, that's good."

"Nothing like a cold beer."

The absence of sunlight failed to suppress her glow. Blondie actually beamed with vitality as she sat there. Her time on the water had infused her with energy and life and an irresistible desirability. I was in the presence of a truly special person, a unique person who lived life according to her own rules.

She conveyed things without saying a word, important things about herself. I had a feeling she had forgone security, professional achievement, social status, perhaps even great wealth, in order to live an authentic life, her life, the life of a soul surfer.

"You're fantastic," I said, breaking a rather lengthy silence.

"You think so?" she asked.

"I know so. And thanks for letting me tag along. I'm having a great—"

She kissed me, smothering my mouth with hers, nibbling on my lips playfully before coming up for air. The moment was electric, sudden, and far too brief.

"What you said back at the gas station . . ."

It took me a few seconds to reorient myself. "About the pump nozzle?"

She took a hit of beer. "Most guys wouldn't have the guts to say that to a complete stranger. I admire guts."

"I don't know if it was guts. It could've been stupidity."

"No," she said, "it was guts."

"If you say so."

She finished her beer. "I do say so. And you







were right. I know how to handle a nozzle. In fact, I'm pretty damned good at it."

"Is that so?"

"Yeah."

"Prove it."

She wasted little time, unzipping my cargo shorts and tugging them down with much haste. I leaned back, my elbows digging into the sand as she licked my shaft, balls to flared cap, sliding her tongue up its length with tantalizing slowness. She did this several times, lubricating my cock in earnest, before taking me in her mouth.

Blondie gave marvelous head, easily the best I had ever had. Lips wrapped around my turgid member, she moved her head up and down, maintaining a maddeningly steady pace, not too slow, not too fast, her tempo just right.

I played with her hair, running my fingers through her wet locks, marveling at my good fortune. Her head pumped in my lap to the accompaniment of the surf.

She moaned with urgency and upped her pace, taking every inch. My prickcap pressed against the back of her throat. She gagged, releasing a torrent of saliva which oozed down her chin in sloppy rivulets.

I was getting close to my limit. If she didn't stop soon—

Blondie's instincts kicked in; she knew I was dangerously close to the edge, and that would never do, for either of us. After all, we had just started.

She stood, rising to her full height, and took off her bikini. It was a glorious vision, her standing there before me with the tumultuous gulf in the background. I almost pinched myself to verify the reality of what I was seeing.

Blondie turned around, facing the water, and bent forward, touching her toes just like she had done while warming up for her surfing session. Her ass was on full display, framed perfectly for my considerable enjoyment. I could see her pussy lips, too. I stroked myself, tugging my prick as she displayed her impressive flexibility.

Finally she joined me.

Still facing the water, she straddled me; holding my cock with one hand, she guided it inside her pussy, sinking lower and lower. Blondie rode me reverse cowgirl style, rode me hard and fast, bucking with slutty abandon. Her ass grinded and gyrated and bounced. I held her hips, digging my fingers into her flesh as she slammed her pussy down repeatedly. I met her with thrusts of my own, driving up into her with everything I had.

The beers I had consumed failed to diminish my performance. I was harder than a brick. Blondie's pussy was tight, wet, wondrous . . .

After some time, she disengaged and dropped her lovely ass to the sand. She leaned back, spread her legs, and touched herself, inviting me to fuck her good and proper. I rolled over and mounted her, pushing my cock into her hot core. She hiked her legs, crossing her ankles behind my ass as I banged her with powerful thrusts.

I maintained a sensible cadence, intent on prolonging the party.

Blondie and I were on the same wavelength. She must've read my mind. The two of us switched to doggy style without exchanging a single word.

I moved behind her, sliding my dick into her slippery pussy with ease. She lowered her face to the sand, arching her back as she did so, positioning her ass perfectly. I held her hips like handles and fucked her with force.

The drizzle intensified to a light rain. Waves crashed against the sand. The sky grew darker and darker as the storm intensified in the gulf.

I pulled out with seconds to spare.

Blondie flipped over, kneading and caressing her tits as I knelt before her, jerking my prick in her face.

It didn't take long.

I exploded, spattering her face with countless creamy beads.

We lay on the sand in silence for a good half hour, recovering from our delicious exertions as the weather deteriorated.

"We'd better go," she said.

"Hey," I said, "can I get your phone number?" "Of course."

The storm was intense, widespread power outages. Neither of us had to work for three days. We spent them at her place, fucking by candlelight.

She wasted little time. unzipping my cargo shorts and tugging them down my legs with much haste. I leaned back. my elbows digging into the sand as *she licked my* shaft, balls to flared cap, sliding her tongue up its length with tantalizing slowness.

































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